

MARGARET LYNN LEWIS 1693-1790

THE DIARY OF THE WIFE OF COL. JOHN LEWIS, THE FOUNDER OF AUGUSTA COUNTY

Published in 1869 in the Magazine, "The Land We Love," at Charlotte, North Carolina.

This will be published in four parts in this newspaper. So far as known, this document has not heretofore been found by any of the historians who are the authors of the current books on Augusta County or the Lewis family.

Part III

It is a common practice now to make whiskey, an intoxicating drink, from the Indian corn, and a part of the wedding entertainment is a race for a bottle of this stuff. When the guests are approaching the house of the bride, two of the young men most intrepid in horsemanship, are singled out to run for the bottle. The victor in the race is met at the door by some of the family who confers the prize. He hurries back to the cavalcade who are halted about a mile off, and gives first to the bridegroom then to the other company a dram, then after forming again they ride on to the destined place. Our steeple-chases are no more of fearlessness and good riding than these bottle races, seeing the competitors do come through mud, mire, woods, brush, and over hill and dale.

Great mirth prevailed at Joe Nasse's though his wedding table was only a rude board,—this was spread with pewter and Queensware, and covered with a substantial repast of meat and vegetables, and fowls and bread. The company sat down to it as soon as the wedding ceremony was over, and there was little more ceremony of any kind.

I wished to take leave at dinner and bring Alice away. I do not like her to join in these vulgar sports, but she begged, and her father said better wait and see the end, and I felt some curiosity myself to know what rare thing would at last befall. These new world manners are making queer innovations among our people.

At dark I knew I was wanted here, so Alice agreed to come, though Thomas stayed dancing, and John Lewis went back after conveying us home. He tells me that shortly after he returned, a deputation of young girls stole the bride off and conducted her to her bed in the loft. By and by some young men took away the bridegroom and safely deposited him there also, and late in the night refreshments of bacon, beef, and cabbage and such like things were sent up to them; and along with this Black Betty, which meaneth a bottle of whiskey.

By this time Burden's settlement is fast filling up. There be some of the Established Church among them, but mostly our neighbors are Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It soundeth like the gathering of clans to call over the M'Kees, M'Cues, M'Campbells, M'Chings, M'Kovns, Garuthers, Stewarts, Wallaces, Lyles, to gether with the Browns, Prestons, Paxton and Grisbys with them associated.

I am led to think of them the more now by an incident which occurred here the last night. About sun down a traveler, in hot haste tricked out in the rough costume of the country, rode up and asked lodging. This was readily granted, together with such entertainment as we had at hand. He was an ungainly looking person, though setting his horse well.

An hour afterward other horsemen came clattering up and rushed about of this stranger, who happened then to be without doors looking after his horse, for there was quite a good light from the moon.

I heard from my seat by the fire-side hilarious voices, and the words, "Confess! confess!" echoed in a roughly-jocose way. "We have been seeking you some days!" I then heard, and knew not what to think, but this story which the pursuers told as they came into the house, and to which the culprit did good-naturedly attest, with somewhat of shame, too, explained all.

When Ben Burden, the younger came to make deeds to such of the settlers as held claim rights the name of Mulhollin so often did appear as to be a matter of wonder to him. He set about making inquiry, and so found that Mulhollin had been a person most efficient in deeds of enter-

prise among them. So far it was well. Inquiry was now made for one Polly Mulhollin, who to pay her passage from Ireland, had sold herself to James Bell, who advanced the money for her. She served his family in all honesty, the time out, then disappeared.

Now it turns out that this same Polly Mulhollin did put on man's gear, hunting-shirt, moccasins, &c., and go into Burden's grant for the purpose of becoming a land proprietor, and erected thirty cabins. The thing hath caused much merriment where-ever known. Polly, with some charmin and much meekness, hath gotten on woman's attire, borrowed from some one in the settlement, and will betake herself henceforth to womanly pursuits.

Our neighbors in the valley are people of most staid principles and habits and are very diligent in business. They commence their Sabbath on Saturday when the sun goes down, while I think it is not a shame to have a hot turkey for my Sunday dinner.

Craig's wife was here a Sunday. One of my children was sick and she kindly came to inquire if she could aid in any way. She is a good soul, and yet, like many other good people, hath charity too narrow to believe that religion is confined to the poor and obscure; to such as herself, in other words a handsome book of Common Prayer lay on the child's bed, I had been reading. The book was presented by our Governor Gooch, who was my father's friend, and it is handsomely clasped about with golden clasps. She sneered, saying "The thought of Governor Gooch's giving a present of a Prayer Book!" This because he lives in what seemeth her much gayety and splendor, the which many who condemn, like her, would if they could, but as they have to practice self-denial of compulsion, they think it is accorded to them for pity.

For my part, I hesitate not in affirming I have seen as much sheer vanity go along with a program suit as ever with ermine and velvet, and more indeed of the spirit which says "Stand aside for I am holier than thou!"

Like worm in the bud, so doth human nature early develop its unlovely aspects. Today I bethought to go to our chamber west window and shut in the shutter, for the sun was putting the fire out. I heard our two boys, Charles and his brother Thomas' little son, Edward, discoursing beyond:

"I gave you my possum for your pile of plums" (this fruit takes to the soil and grows abundantly since first planted), "and now you should give me Job (so they call him) back again."

"Why so?" Charles asked, who was always reasonable, and I am glad to find, conscientious about taking any undue advantages.

"Because now I have nothing," the little rogue remarks, "neither possum nor plums."

"Nor will I have," rejoins Charles, "if you take Job back; you had my plums."

"Yes," Edward follows up, "then you had my possum, but now that I have nothing of yours, you must have nothing of mine, that is fair," he added.

Charles could not well see through the argumentation, but he will not contend with the little one, and so gave up Job.

I had two minds, then, one to inflict a grievous correction on the tiny he should not soon forget, but I thought next, Satan comes to him by rightful heritage, from his grand mother, and let it pass, then resolved to watch my opportunity and bring the matter before them some day, telling his mother of the same.

There have been distractions to draw me yet awhile therefrom. The father of Omayah has sought the father of White Dove, as he calls our sweet Alice, for his son's wife. He says that the Tiger-King's oldest-born pines to hear her voice cooling among the wild pines about his cabin. It made me tremble to hear him speak, almost as though I thought John Lewis could be persuaded there to give away my tenderly reared lamb. He wished to treat it as a joke, and seated Alice at the spinnet whereon I have taught her to play with some skill. "That," said he, "is all that white women are good for,—you don't want them,—bah!"

"Fingers fast! fingers jump quick," said Tiger-King—"gut fish!"

My husband still joked with him, which was, perhaps, the better policy, but Oronah retired discomfited, I

HON. G. W. SHARP

For Secretary of State on the Republican Ticket

Hon. G. W. Sharp, of Marlinton, has announced that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Secretary of State, and as he has never been known to do, a vain thing, the chances are that he will be duly nominated, and perhaps elected.

As a dear neighbor and friend we take this opportunity of recommending him to the State at large as a gentleman of ability and urbanity, and of the kind that it is a delight to honor. He is an able mountaineer. The "Sharp Twins," constitute a force and a power in this State, and they well deserve the distinction that has come to them. It has been well earned and well kept.

The Carpenter boys have been doing a great business killing red foxes near their home on the head of Williams River. In about a week they got seven red foxes, and in one day their hounds put no less than five wild cats into the rocks. One of the red foxes was classed a cross between a collie shepherd dog and a fox. Its body was like a fox, though not as well furred and of a lighter color. The head was more like that of a collie dog, and the tail was that of a dog with a white tuft of hair on the end. The feet were heavily padded with hair like feet of wild cats, and the toes and nails were longer than those of a fox. The skin was shipped before this writer heard about it but a foot was sent to State Game Protector George W. Sharp, in hopes that some animal specialist could identify it. It evidently was a young animal and its size was larger than the average big fox. It has been suggested that this animal might have been a coyote, the small wolf of the western plains. This is not so far fetched if the reports are true that the coyote is gradually increasing its range and has of late years been seen in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York States.

Dr. J. E. Flow, evangelist for Greenbrier Presbytery, is engaged in a series of special services at Fire Creek, in Fayette county.

could see.

Thomas is a man of books, albeit his sight is defective and he makes out but poorly at hunting. His brothers are stalwart hands, though, in all matters of strength, as indeed he is too, but they have sleight of hunting, fishing, and all employments common to the country, which he, for his infirmity, hath not.

Heavenly Father give strength to bear what is come upon us now!

Last Monday was an holiday and many of the young folks and their elders did take a repast along in their baskets and go up to see the Tower Rocks, as we call them, a few miles off. I being a stay at home body, remained with my domestic occupations, while John Lewis did take Alice and her older brothers also going along, to join in the frolic.

Omayah was there, sad and silent and brooding as he hath been of late. He has much attached himself to our race, as we med his father indeed also to do.

The men and maidens went strolling about, and my daughter went with the young Indian across a branch of the little stream called Lewis River, to gather Good Luck plant, as we call it, but we betide the luck to us and her, poor dear just one! No doubt it was a preconcerted signal, but as the last rock stepping stone was passed, a savage yell broke forth, a band of red men sprang from the pine woods, and they and Alice Omayah disappeared in its thickness. Our men fired and ran, but the tangle and brush and deep forests, which they will never learn like the Indians, all combine to make the pursuit passing difficult.

The families of the party returned home under escort of some of the men, for there was terror stricken to the hearts of all by what had befallen and my child's father and brothers, frantic with rage and distress, dashed off after the artful enemy.

At nightfall, John Lewis came home alone, for he feared to leave me longer, seeing what news the returning party had brought me. I had never showed such grief before him till then,—no, not when we made that little grave on the prairie and plied the white rocks upon it. I was striking the floor, as he surprised me, wringing my hands and—may heaven forgive me! almost reproaching the Most High that he had mocked me so to hear my prayer and raised her up from that dreadful fever, when she lay a little one, tossing in my arms,—getting ready for flight, I thought.

He soothed me, poor man, well as he could, his own heart was well nigh bursting, and the morning had scarce dawned ere he set off again with more of the men to overtake the marauders. Alice's brothers have never yet, all these four days, nor the men that were with them, turned to come home.

I cannot work,—save what duty absolutely demands. I cannot talk, only here may I ooze out the suppressed stream of my sorrow,—carefully, indeed, lest it take possession of me.

I had thought Omayah about the cunning artfulness of his subtle race, but they may not be trusted, as individuals or in the mass, and all my instinctive dread of them from the beginning was but a forerunner of what I was destined to suffer at their hands. O, my Alice! White Dove indeed, in a Vulture's nest!

A GOLDEN EAGLE

Dear Editor:—I have had the pleasure of reading some very fine articles in The Times on birds, bees and insects, which have interested me greatly.

Here is a little experience I recently had in bagging a golden eagle on Alleghany Mountain near Dunmore.

On Monday, February 11, 1924, I went fox hunting. My dogs were cold frailing, and I climbed Poston Mountain, a spur of the Alleghenies. As I neared the top I noticed a large bird soaring over the main top, directly above the bounds which were trailing an old red. I saw it was an eagle, and was surprised to see it alight on a dead limb in the top a large red oak.

I began to plan to get the bird. About one hundred yards from him was a large chestnut tree, and by some maneuvering I put this tree between me and my intended victim.

I had covered about half the distance to this tree, when I intended to try a shot with the long range barrel of my gun, when I saw the eagle come sailing out over the same chestnut tree. He was coming directly over me, and though high and a long shot, I took quick aim and fired.

The shot seemed to have little or no effect, but the huge bird, with wings set neck rigid and eye fixed on me, came directly in my direction. It looked to me as though he was intent on making me his prey, but he came to earth about twenty feet in front of me. As he came toward me I felt like giving him the contents of the remaining barrel, but refrained when I saw that he could make little use of his wings as he crashed through the tree tops. Being so nearly over me I could not see that the tips of his wings were sticking almost straight up, both being broken near the second joint.

When he hit the ground he just raised up on his feet and looked at me as though daring me to venture nearer. This seeming challenge I accepted and the eagle opened his mouth and hissed; as I came nearer he spread his wings and leaned back on his tail as if he must topple over. He was eager and able to defend his title as king of birds, for when I approached and stuck my gun toward him, he sprang by help of his wings some four or five feet and caught the barrels of my gun with his talons in a vice-like grip, before I could jerk it away. I find that he made considerable scars in the steel barrels.

At this exhibition of ferocity, I feared lest he might take a notion to fasten those talons in the flesh of my leg, for if he got a hold I would have to cut his legs off to loosen him, and while I was performing the operation he might fasten in my arm and hook out pieces of my anatomy with his able beak.

I secured a forked stick about seven feet long, and after some time I put the eagle to the ground by getting the fork across his neck. By exerting all my strength and weight I held him down, and soon put him out of his misery.

This eagle measured more than seven feet from wing tip to wing tip. It is a golden eagle—the king of the air. Many neighbors came in to see it. Among them was our school master, Prof. B. F. E. Woodell and his band of thirty or more scholars.

The bird is now in the hands of a taxidermist to be mounted.

Esby Wilfong,
Dunmore, W. Va.

DIED

Maryanna Tibbs, a promising colored girl, daughter of Walter Tibbs, died at University Hospital at Charlottesville on Friday, February 15, 1924, of gastritis. Her age was 15 years, 7 months and 3 days, having been born at Mt. Grove in 1909. Her body was brought to Marlinton and laid to rest in Brownsburg Cemetery.

She is mourned by her father, three brothers, three sisters, and numerous friends who thought so well of her. Maryanna's mother died near four years ago, leaving seven children. Though but a child of eleven years, Maryanna tried to take a mother's place and served the home faithfully. In 1922 she made a bright profession of religion, and was ever a consistent Christian. Her testimony in her last hours was that she was not afraid to die as mother is hovering over me."

ARE WE LIVING IN A MAD AGE?

See Cecil B. DeMille's Masterpiece

"MANSLAUGHTER"

With Thomas Meighon, Leatrice Joy, Charles Ogle, Louis Wilson, Julian Faye, George Fawcett Raymond Hatton. From the Saturday Evening Post story by Alice Duer Miller.

Amusu Theatre
Tuesday and Wednesday
CASS THEATRE
MONDAY

Admission 15c and 30c

DON'T MISS THIS MASTERPIECE

JOSIAH OSBORNE BEARD

In the death of Josiah Osborne Beard at his home at Greensbank, West Virginia, on January 28, 1924, Pocahontas county and this section of the State lost one of its substantial and influential citizens. He was born at Lewisburg, West Virginia, April 29, 1847, and thus at his death was 76 years 8 months and 29 days of age. Surviving him are his wife, Eveline Yeager Beard, daughter of the late John Yeager, and seven children, Mr. Leslie and Monroe of Arbovale, Sheriff Brown B. Beard, of Bartow, Mrs. W. N. Snedegar, and Mrs. Don Harper, of Elkins and Mrs. W. A. Arbogast of Morgantown, also one sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Burner, of Durbin and one half-sister, Mrs. Virginia Chapman, of Richwood. Six children preceded him to the grave, Blanch, Fannie, Cleveland, Arthur, Joe, Quade, Mrs. Bertie Clark and Mrs. Ruby Evelyn Kerr. There are thirty-three grand children and two great grandchildren.

Mr. Beard has been in failing health for some weeks. Everything that medical skill and careful nursing could render was given but he gradually grew weaker. The funeral service was conducted at the home on Wednesday, January 30, at ten o'clock by his pastor, Rev. L. S. Shires assisted by Rev. M. D. Monroe, after which he was laid to rest in the Arbovale cemetery. The large crowd in attendance at his funeral regardless of the very severe weather was an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by the citizens of the county.

When only sixteen years of age Mr. Beard volunteered for service in the Confederate army and served his country faithfully until the close of the war as a member of Company D, Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry. At the opening of the campaign of 1864 the Fourteenth was in Greenbrier and Monroe counties. They were ordered to Staunton to join the forces trying to obstruct or delay Hunter on his march to Lynchburg. General John McCausland, now living in Mason county was in command of the Brigade of Cavalry of which the Fourteenth was a part. They did good service in the task assigned them. The regiment saw its hardest service in the Valley Campaign of that year under Early. After beating Hunter at Lynchburg and pursuing him as far as Salem, Early set out down the Valley to threaten Washington. They crossed the Potomac and defeated General Lew Wallace at Monocacy. For a while this was quite a severe battle. The Fourteenth took an active part in it lost a number of its men. They pressed on, got in front of Washington, but had to retire when they found the forts and breastworks occupied by Wright's corps from Grants army in front of Richmond. The Fourteenth was with McCausland when he burned Chambersburg and with Early at Winchester. Mr. Beard was severely wounded near Winchester and was carried on horseback several miles before medical aid could be given.

Mr. Beard united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South at Greensbank September 6, 1886 under the pastorate of Rev. J. K. Gilbert. He was loved by all and most by those who knew him best. A man's great heritage to his country is the noble sons and daughters his home gives to the citizenship of the country. Our county is enriched in business life, in social and spiritual life by the noble sons and daughters of our deceased friend and brother. His influence still lives among us. We all treasure his friendship. He was big-hearted, kind and true. Childhood found in him a sympathetic friend, business men honored him for his integrity and honesty, his friends loved him because of his genuine manhood, and the family found him a thoughtful father and a devoted husband.

His Pastor

The venerable W. N. Moore came in from Williams River one day last week to claim the bounty on a big wild cat he had trapped. The cat was four feet long and over two feet at the shoulder.

The series of revival services by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Billingsley, at the Methodist Church will continue through this week at least. The attendance is large and much interest is shown.

Ladies Take Notice

We have a nice line of Staple, Dry Goods and Notions at reasonable prices. Also ready-to-wear dresses, etc.

The Peoples Store & Supply Co.
Marlinton, West Virginia

"Come across the bridge and save the difference."

IN MEMORIAM

Sacred to the memory of Creola Eleanor Sharp, who departed this life February 23, 1923:

In the grave yard sweetly sleeping Where the trees gently wave, Lies the one we love so dearly In the lone and silent grave.

One long year, and how we miss you, Miss you more and more each day; For we love you just the same dear Creola As on the day you passed away.

You shall always be remembered In this weary world of strife, And you shall never be forgotten As long as God gives us life.

Keep her Jesus, in Thy keeping, Then we reach that shining shore; Till, Ohi Master, let us see her, Love and keep her as before.

Loving Parents, Brothers and Sisters.

RESOLUTION OF RESPECT

Whereas, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from among us our late friend and brother, M. C. Smith therefore be it resolved,

That Cass Lodge No. 368 I. O. O. F., has lost a consistent and beloved member, and suffered a loss that seems impossible to regain, and be it further resolved,

That we extend to the family of our deceased brother our heartfelt sympathy in this their time of bereavement. And be it further resolved,

That the usual signs of mourning be displayed in our Lodge room for a period of thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be mailed to the family of our deceased brother.

A. J. Blackhurst
W. S. O'Brien
A. E. Harouff
Committee

Editor Times,
Sir:—

I wish to thank you sincerely for your kind reference to my prospective candidacy for State Legislature from Kanawha County. After a conference with my friends this week, however, I have decided to withdraw from the contest in order to be free to support the candidacy of my friend, Hon. William E. Chilton, for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator.

Respectfully yours,
Clyde H. East

A special grand jury term of the Circuit Court has been called for Tuesday, March 11.

WRIGLEYS

Chew it after every meal

It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after heavy eating.

Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and it's the goodly that looks like this.

SEALED in its Purity Package

WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

MARLINTON METHODIST CHURCH

J. Herndon Billingsley, Pastor.

REVIVAL SERVICES

Nightly at 7-30 p.m.

SUBJECT—

"Sparks from the Anvil of Truth."

CORDIAL WELCOME TO ALL

CHEVROLET

The worlds lowest priced Quality Automobile. In Economy of operation it is unsurpassed. In comfort and beauty it leads. It offers the utmost per dollar of value. It is winning on its merit.

Learn our new way of paying for a Chevrolet. Cars will be scarce. Place your order now.

Service and value our motto.

Marlinton Motor Company
"Nothing compares with Chevrolet."



HOOD TIRES

The TIRE SHOP

C. C. Smith

MARLINTON

PARENTS

You can't delegate to others your responsibility for the religious training of your children.

Come to Sunday School and see that your children are there.

The Men's Bible Class of the Marlinton-Prsbyterian Church cordially and prayerfully invite you Come and join us in this important work.

ONLY ONE HOUR